

513p28cm34

on such occasion he behaved himself like a true
& good English nobleman."

Twice, at any rate, he held command in the King's
army, on one of these occasions, when he was
nearly sixty, he led the men of Lavenham ~~to the battle~~
in the campaign which ended in the battle of Flodden
Field, (1513). —

"From Renegate to Pendle Hill

From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that braven coaste could tell,
They with the lusty Clifford came,
All Skaincliffe hundred went with him,
With stripling strong from Wharfedale,
And all that Salton hills did climb,
With Longstroth etc, & Linton Dale,
Whose milk-yed yellow, fleshy cred,
Well knownid, with sounding bows upbent,
All such as Norton Hells had yed.

On Clifford's banner did allent." —

And if you want to know the names of the men
who went out with Lord Clifford & the weapons
they bore, there they are to be seen to this day in
the Death Roll of Bolton Abbey.

The good Lord Clifford spent much of his time
in restoring his ~~various~~ various castles, which
had been laid waste during the long civil Wars of
the Roses.

In the civil wars of Charles I's time, the castles
of the Cliffords were again laid waste; & these were ^{about 1650} ~~restored~~
restored by a woman, Anne, Countess
of Pembroke, whom we have already spoken,
most notably lady who looked well after her people, and
in the poor read & studied with all diligence, ~~and~~ ^{about 1650}
a pattern to all daughters. In the first war, she lost
to her ^{and} others of the Cliffords, in the pleasant market town of Skipton.

Milderdal

i13p29cm34

The courses of the Nidd do not lie copes back amongst the western mountains as do those of the Aire &c. Whrps. It springs all in Great Whernside, the most eastern of the mountains, in a region old & bleak as any in Yorkshire. Many wild glens bring their 'beck's' to swell its waters; & whenever a beck falls into the main stream, you come upon a farm-building, or a village or 'gentlemen's' house.

Not far from its source, the new born river disappears, or nearly so, into a cavern called the Golden Pot; you may hear the water rushing along underground for nearly half a mile, then it comes out again, having carved a very long narrow cavern in the mountain limestone. ~~But the water does not bring away the~~

Perched as long as its fair sister rocks & below
Paulty Bridge it is a broad lowland stream, within
a broad, tree-shaded valley is the most curious
sight of the Fidd Valley. The road gradually rises,
until it reaches ^{high common} a ~~bar~~ ^{bar} about 1,000 feet above
the ~~wood~~ ^{wood} over which is scattered groups of rocks
of enormous size & varying odd shape, you can
imagine ~~for~~ ^{for} winding paths between them,
the odd ~~as they are shape~~ ^{form} that you cannot help
thinking of them as a ~~great~~ ^{great} - ~~joke~~ ^{play} - ~~Novis~~ ^{Novis}
Scattered on the nursery floor of the giants, perhaps.
There is the Archer, the Dog, the Lamb, the
Wolf, the Bull, the Pulpit, the great swelling Idol, & plenty
more to which names have been given on account
of their likeness to some object. The ~~rocking~~ ^{meas.} stone
is a very curious, enormous ~~tooth~~ ^{meas.} ~~tooth~~
a small tree, that you can make rolls by ~~dark~~
upon them & always ~~open~~ ^{open} to open. And this bed ^{are}

large as they are, they rest upon a small and ^{13p30cm34} ~~thin~~ nicely poised as the brown handle, which you may ^{can} stand upright on your hand of its own accord, without support. There are pillars, & shelves like Cædpat's Needle & a Druid's Cave with little openings like windows & the great Cannon Rock, where this latter is pierced with round holes as if cannon balls had been shot through them.

You wonder of these are remains of those mysterious
giants who have left their open, stone temples
in more than one such high, bleak wall. But no
is running water, frost-crains, have hewn
out these uncouth shapes. The whole history
is too long to tell, but this much we may
say here. The work of the moss, sandstone grit,
is made consists of many thin layers lying
close together, one upon another, but some harder,
and some softer than the rest. Now the rain has
known how to work its way into the softer
parts of the rock; then comes a frost; the water
in the rocks freezes, & swells in freezing. Then, crack!
free the rock just as you have seen a pitcher
filled with water break in a hard frost. Simple
as this explanation sounds, it accounts for
the strange shapes of the Breckham bogs.
But the sandstone grit which covered the
bogs, the first place

The strange shapes of the rocks
and the milestones first which covered the
moor came to be broken up in the first place
is a long story, belonging to a time when
this part of England lay, summer and winter,
under a huge ice-cap such as that which
now covers the greater part of Greenland.

now covers the ground. Nearly three centuries ago a discovery was made in Giddendale which drew the world people in great numbers to what was then a wild common, has sleeked. From the town of Harrogate sprung up the oldest, & still the

most fashionable inland watering-place of the north, whither people crowd every summer in search of health & pleasure. Here there are bath, & promenade, & pleasure & public gardens, &c. &c. call the attractions of a watering place in the season; & over above, give pure air, which, probably, does the visitors as much good as the waters do. With Harrogate is celebrated.

In discovering which made ' Harrogate was that of a Spa. (p. 38a), that is, a spring of water containing substances useful as physic in certain complaints.

~~that you remember that~~ Many substances used as medicine are - such as sulphur, ^{water} salt, magnesia, iron - mineral substances, ~~but is that they are contained in the earth. The~~ rain as you know, penetrates far into the earth, finding existing cracks, sweeping away the rocks as it goes. In time, every underground crack & crevice becomes filled, with water, when these recesses are too full to hold any more. The water is forced out in spurts.

The water of these springs has, occasionally, an exceedingly unpleasant taste; for the underground stream which it last breaks out in a spring, carries with it iron, or sulphur, or magnesia, or soda, or whatever substance it passes through. When the substances held in the water of a spring are medicinal, the ^{spa} spring is called a Spa. (after a watering-place in ~~Germany~~), persons suffering from certain complaints, go to such springs to drink, or bathe in the waters.

Aug 28 William Stirling had travelled in Germany

Germany, discovered the first ~~the~~ ^{the} 1576; then
that twenty ^{of these medicinal} ~~of these medicinal~~ ^{spring} have been found in Karroge, ^{in Karroge,} ~~in Karroge,~~ ^{1632 and 34} ~~1632 and 34~~
more or less sulphur or iron. In one spot as
many as seventeen springs lie close together, yet
the waters of two are quite alike.

Many of the visitors to Karroge prefer a pleasant
summer holiday, & have no ailments to be cured by
the Spas.

On the opposite bank of the Ridd, which is here a
broad full river, rise the ruined towers of
Knaresborough Castle which stood on a high
cliff overhanging the river & a precipice from
which you look far down on the winding Ridd
& the grey-green ash-trees which overhang the stream.

An early writer describes Knaresborough as a
very great castle with 11 or 12 towers in the walls,
beside "one very faire tower within". The
very fair tower was the keep, three stories high
altogether. The underground dungeon, King Richard
being confined before he was carried to Pontefract.
And here the good knight who murdered Thomas
& Becket are said to have kept in hiding for
the small ^{year} of Knaresborough is one of prettily placed: indeed
there is hardly a town in Yorkshire so beautiful
for situation!

Wensleydale

Wensleydale is the upper valley of the Wharfe & is so
named after the pretty village of Wensley. It is
not a bit like ~~any~~ of the dales we have ~~stated~~ not
been explored. They are narrow, picturesque, by no means
fertile, bright, it is true, with the ~~very~~ green grass
which belongs to mountain pastures, their trees, as
clumps of fir wood, & groups of the cold pines add to
so lovely as they. What you think there is
nothing more to be desired, until you get into
Wensleydale, when you are filled with a new sense
of pleasure & satisfaction.

Wensleydale is a broad open valley, bewrayed
as Surrey, where wide corn-fields grow in the sun,
& the foliage of the trees is thick & dark, casting
black shadows on the grass which has lost
~~brightness~~ a little in the warm sunshines.
This is a valley to make the heart glad & hand
full for is not the pretty corn waving before
your eyes?

113p34cm34

It is hemmed in, north & south, by the moon-
endry in lime-stone cliffs; & as you stand
on the northern edge, look across the beauteous
valley - here they are again on the further side,
the barren moss, making the coarse yellow comic
the laden fruit-tree all the more precious by
contrast.

The northern edge of the moss from which you look
over the valley is full of picturesque spots.
You need not make our way up to the head of
the shoulder of Steamer Fall - here ~~which is~~ ^{we are} such
a mountain region as we have already described
~~on~~ But N. may begin to go down the fall
from here - a grey dilapidated town as you
see it from the station, but better looking when
you are within it. It overlooks a fine valley,
studded with trees, & here are ^{now} reaches of the river,
beautifully wooded. Now are trees, too, Cotton-
Tree, & Hard-grass Tree. We have got into the
region of yesternight trees, a waterfall. In the
beds must weeds get into the valley, &
how can they do so but by a leap from the
edge of the long cliff which ~~shut it in~~ ^{shut it off}?

You make your way through a wild dell to a
wide round Scar with slopes inward, that is,
the head of the Scar comes inward like a shed roof
from this broad Hard-grass Tree umbrella, some
hundred feet, shooting far beyond the Scar. The
long ribbon water is graceful & beautiful but
the thing that delights you is, that you can walk
round the fall, get behind it, between the water
& the crag, & watch the stream descending, sheer,
without any background.

There a few gores may be seen from Acting
a few miles lower down the valley. This is a prey valley
ⁱⁿ

picture seen from some points of view, when you see the grey church & stone steads in a setting of trees, & against a background of mountains, a quiet well-to-do village, whose folk are busy with farm labor, ^{13836mes34} and who has made a reputation for itself.

Ashrigg ^{limestone} has made a reputation for dairy & plate, however, & visitors crowd here. That crowd, that is so far as to fill the two or three ^{small} pines & a few larches. The attraction is two-fold. - the lovely scenery of this part of Wensleydale, & also the exceedingly fine air which Ashrigg enjoys, because it is planted on the edge of the moor. The country is very wild - an open valley, with hills & knolls & scattered ^{forest} strips of forest overlooked by Addleborough, the ^{highest} ~~biggest~~ ^{steallest} ^{height} town in the Dale, & hemmed in by dark hills pressing behind one another in fold after fold.

Then, everywhere & then, in ^{the valley} the river or of
the streams which join it, you will come upon
the most picturesque bits. There is Mill Gill
Yard, which is at the head of a lovely ravine, thickly
wooded. The water comes down by several steps
a series of beautiful cascades, & meets
sides, the rock forms cavern-like niches, draped
in the richest, greenest mosses & finely fringed
with ferns. "We left this spot with ^{reluctance}
but highly exhilarated," says Wordsworth, "the
clear voice of nature in all her beautiful aspects."
— ^{in the valley of} Wensleydale.

Dear love of nature
Ayresgarth is the beauty of Wensleydale.
Ayresgarth is lovely! you say to yourself as you
step out of the station; & again, as you look
up & down from the bridge, & as you climb
the slope which leads to the village a mile
distant; & whenever you look, & wherever you turn,
you say under your breath, Ayresgarth is lovely,

When you leave the station, you find yourself
mid-way on the slope of a hill, thickly covered with

Brickwood. Above, is a long stretch of low moorland, below, a richly wooded valley; for the station itself is built on a fragment of the old Wensleydale Street, & never had station a more picturesque site. You are within sound of the low murmur of the water, & the river is below, now & then, a gleaming stretch shines out from the thick band of trees; & on the other side, the crocketed pinnacles of the church tower rise from amid trees - mantled verdure everywhere.

You go down hill to the bridge built upon a valley: the broad river flows between high wooded banks, winding this way & that, you may as a dozen yards or so of smooth flowing, deep-looking water, but not more. A boulders-strewed bed, bubbling fountains, rippling cascades, every beauteous various form that running water can take - this is what you see. Here is a wooded island, there, shallow pools, where the noble breadth of the river comes sparkling dancing down, two or three broad steps in its rocky bed.

Above is the High Tree, a ~~stone~~ fall from twenty feet, broken into two or three by the projecting rocks; & there is another, & another, above, & below the bridge, perhaps half a dozen lesser cascades before you reach the lower falls, 'Augustus Tree' proper.

It is very beautiful; a single fall sheet-spread stretching across the noble breadth of the channel, & falling by five deep steps, forming beneath a smooth, beautiful, arched shower ~~pool~~.